

1490. de. 37.

THE
C O N T E S T
O F
DIVINITY, LAW, PHYSIC, &c.
FOR THE
P R I Z E O F I N F A M Y.
A N
O R I G I N A L P O E M.

By TIMOTHY PHEON.

Decipimur specie recti.—

“ I strike at Vice, be’t where it will,
“ And what if great Folks take it ill?
“ Think you the Law (let who will take it),
“ Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?”

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, AT JOHNSON’S-HEAD, NO. 46, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXXIX.

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.



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THE following POEM being the Production of a few leisure Moments, if there should be any Thing in it which may tend either to, amuse or instruct, the Author shall think himself amply gratified for the Pains he has been at in composing it.

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THE
C O N T E S T, &c.

O DARLING MAID ! my only joy and pride !
With whom I've loiter'd by the green-wood side ;
With whom, at eve, I've mark'd the lucid stream
Reflect the silv'ry moon's erratic beam ;
Heard from the distant grove the dove complain,
And Philomela's sweet enchanting strain :
O Muse ! awake ! resume the pleasing lyre,
And with poetic warmth my breast inspire ;

B

Let

Let just conception ev'ry image rule,
 Let Reason guide, and Nature be my school ;
 Let ev'ry line with ease and judgment flow,
 Nor vainly soar too high, nor sink too low.

And you, O ***** ! the Muses' early friend,
 To me the greatest blessing heav'n could send,
 Whose pious heart shuns Vice's hideous sight,
 Abhors her schemes, and brings her deeds to light ;
 Enforces laws which check her mad career,
 And stop her progress with the chain of fear :
 For some few moments hear a brother's song,
 Applaud when right, but gently probe when wrong ;
 Yet know this truth, which nothing can controul,
 Fraternal Love is center'd in my soul ;

That

That sacred love, which heav'n-born Nifus knew,

I feel, and find, Euryalus, in you.

Once has the Muse a serious subject try'd,

To check vain, erring Man's tyrannic pride;

Has painted Virtue struggling with distress,

With scarce a comfort, or a friend to bless;

Has shown what happiness from Goodness springs,

What pleasure self-approving Conscience brings;

What real good from sweet Religion flows,

Beyond the reach of fickle Fortune's blows:

Has fung the Spring, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,

Gay Summer, tripping o'er th' enamell'd ground;

Autumnal stores, which deck the golden plain,

And cheerless Winter, with his tyrant train.

The silver lake, the cool reclusive grot,

The charms of solitude, are now forgot;

'Tis

"Tis all in vain ;—a peaceful song like this,
 Where one applauds, a thousand fools would hiss ;
 The Bard who tries the present taste to please,
 Must carefully avoid such themes as these.

How hard, alas ! the placid poet's case ;
 How difficult to write without disgrace ;
 Since tinsel levity now bears the sway,
 And charms the sapplings of the present day ;
 Since sentiment, these senseless blockheads fwear,
 Is more terrific than a Russian bear ;
 Since Wisdom now is fairly fled their doors,
 And Virtue and Morality turn'd ——s.

When lenitives on sickness gain no ground,
 Some stronger applications must be found,

'Tis

'Tis rash to trifle with a bad disease,
 'Tis rash to write, more difficult to please.

For once, my Muse shall soar on satire's wing,
 And arm herself with Churchill's searching sting ;
 He, dreaded Poet ! dauntless fung the truth,
 Expos'd the vice of age as well as youth ;
 Dragg'd lurking Infamy to open light,
 And bar'd the bosom of the venom'd sprite ;
 To each deserving villain gave a cord,
 Nor car'd a doit, for Jarvis* or my Lord ;
 I'll follow, Prince of Satire, then thy plan,
 And lash, like thee, designing, crafty man.

High seated on a throne of state,
 In mimic majesty sedate,

C

VICE

* An appellation given to our hackney-coachmen, one of that name having been executed.

VICE held her court: A suppliant crowd
 Around their fav'rite goddes bow'd;
 Exulting o'er the servile band,
 She rose, and wav'd her skinny hand;
 From either eye, with conscious roll,
 A thousand diff'rent glances stole,
 Each spoke the tenor of her mind,
 Form'd for the ruin of mankind.

When thus the demon—" All attend
 " To me, your votary and friend:
 " Long have I rul'd with sov'reign pow'r,
 " And gain'd fresh strength each fleeting hour;
 " Both high and low support my state,
 " And drive my rival from their gate;

" She

“ She now is fled from ev’ry part,
 “ Nor e’er again shall rule the heart ;—
 “ VIRTUE !—the jade is now forgot ;
 “ In some low hermitage, or cot,
 “ She milks her cows, and tends her sheep,
 “ And foorthes her cares in balmy sleep ;
 “ Roves peaceful by the silver stream,
 “ O’er which the pale moon sheds her beam,
 “ Or steals along the silent glade
 “ With Meditation, foolish maid !
 “ But far from me the rural scene,
 “ The ruby hearth, the platter clean,
 “ The russet jug of nut-brown ale,
 “ Inspirer of the long-told tale :
 “ I joy to trail my robe at court,
 “ I joy in ev’ry tippee* sport ;

“ To

* This word, in high life, is the term for any thing fashionable, how foolish soever. The word *twaddle* means the contrary.

“ To tread in measur’d step the dance,
“ With all th’ affected airs of France,
“ To join at *ombre*, or *quadrille*,
“ And turn up *basto*, or *spadille* :
“ At theatres I take my station,
“ With ev’ry mark of reputation,
“ Screen my smug face behind my fan,
“ And tremble at—the creature man ;
“ Weep at the scenes I never feel,
“ And joy to lounge the murd’ring steel.

“ Since then so long I’ve borne the bell,
“ As all my constant friends can tell ;
“ Since long triumphantly have reign’d,
“ By you supported and sustain’d,

“ I think

“ I think some gratitude is due
 “ To firm adherents, such as you ;
 “ Three prizes therefore I ordain,
 “ For those who shall the best maintain
 “ Their strict observance of my laws,
 “ And have most nobly fought my cause :
 “ The first, a pension, neat and clear,
 “ Of fourteen hundred pounds a year ;
 “ A service next, of lovely plate,
 “ Richly imboss'd, of massy weight ;
 “ The third, a coach with plated harness,
 “ Without a blemish or a tarnish ! ”
 She ceas'd—the assembly grinn'd delight,
 And each prepar'd to plead his right.

Now Envy, with her venom'd tongue,
 On all her baneful poison flung :
 Each breast now burn'd with strong emotion,
 In expectation of promotion.
 At length the trumpet's sounds proclaim
 The candidates must make their claim.
 The first, with waddling step and slow,
 Approach'd the bar, and bowed low ;
 Puff'd up with consequence and lawn,
 Nor much unlike a roll of brawn ;
 His right eye wink'd his great discerning,
 His left, proclaim'd his depth of learning :
 We do not mean to draw from hence,
 That Greek to Vice has no pretence,
 Or that the learned have no claim,
 O that would be—a monstrous shame !

For

For sure 'tis true, as fools are grinners,

Great geniuses are greatest sinners :

With voice pedantic, round, and clear,

He thus assail'd his darling's ear :

“ Dread Goddef ! whom I long have serv'd,

“ Nor ever from my duty swerv'd,

“ But ev'ry hour have honour'd you,

“ From sixteen, up to sixty-two,

“ If you'll be kind, I firmly trust

“ To prove that my pretension's just :

“ Within the limits of a college,

“ The grand receptacle of knowledge,

“ I first began to own your pow'r,

“ And lov'd you more and more each hour ;

“ Scorn'd regulation's golden rule,

“ But dic'd, drank, w---d, and play'd the fool ;

“ Oft

“ Oft burnt my square cap, and my gown,
 “ And took a roll to London town :
 “ Soon did I take my first degree,
 “ Distinguish’d by great A. and B.
 “ Now secret sins were my delight,
 “ I turn’d out with the owl at night,
 “ To plant the horn was now my plan ;
 “ All thought me more a faint than man.
 “ No more at Jolly’s* was I seen,
 “ Nor launch’d the bowl upon the green ;
 “ But feign’d great prudence and devotion,
 “ ’Till *Art’ Magister* was my portion ;
 “ A small addition to my score,
 “ An artful fycophant before :
 “ A living then was next my lot,
 “ By cringing from my patron got ;

“ I then

* A famous Porter-house in *Oxford*.

“ I then robb’d ev’ry pauper’s stye,
 “ And prov’d myself and life a lie ;
 “ Oppress’d the poor, deceiv’d the great,
 “ And drove the beggar from my gate ;
 “ Treated my curate like a dog,
 “ And fed him as I did my hog.
 “ Soon after this, I do not joke ye,
 “ I was prefer’d to *tibi quoque* : *
 “ For this I kiss’d my patron’s bum,
 “ And very near amass’d a plum ;
 “ Taught his young honour *hic, hæc, hoc*,
 “ A thorough chip of the old block !
 “ And lead him, like a dancing bear,
 “ To Florence, Turin—heav’n knows where !—

E

“ Protested

* These words are used in the credentials of a Lambeth-dubbed D. D.
Tibi quoque conferimus honorem, &c.

“ Protested he was vastly clever,
 “ And brought him back, as wife—as ever ;
 “ Saw him promoted a P. M.
 “ And then most strenuously cry’d, hem !!!
 “ For this my diligence and care,
 “ I was—but these lawn sleeves declare—
 “ To whom are all my honours due ?
 “ To you, dear goddess, all to you ;
 “ Had I despis’d your sov’reign will,
 “ A parsonage, hard by a rill
 “ Had been my lot ; where far from noise,
 “ From pageantry and idle joys,
 “ I’d mark’d creation’s works with wonder,
 “ And heard my Maker speak in thunder ;*
 “ Prun’d all my flow’rs with careful hand,
 “ And till’d my little spot of land ;

“ Observ’d

* Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare. HOR.

" Observ'd what time the show'rs descend,
 " And prov'd the pastor and the friend;
 " Preach'd truth to all the rustic throng,
 " And join'd their diatonic song.*
 " Such scenes are vain—in gilded state
 " I lie on down, and feed off plate;
 " Make pamper'd Luxury my god,
 " While vassals tremble at my nod ;
 " Break ev'ry promise, scorn restraint,
 " And †card on Sunday, like a saint.
 " Sometimes on charity I preach,
 " But never practice what I teach ;

" The

* This may seem rather inconsistent in the mouth of the wicked man, but it is remarked, that however vicious a man may be, though he will not follow, he cannot help admiring virtue.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And those who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. GOLDSMITH.

† Lest any one should quibble on this line, I advertise them that it has no allusion to the pious inventor of wool-carding, but to the infamous fashion of playing at cards on the Lord's day..

“ The profits of my sermon share,
 “ Churchwardens of the rest take care ;
 “ My pious countrymen cajole,
 “ And make thee sov'reign o'er my soul.
 “ But the poor curate far from town,
 “ With fingers blue, and cassock brown,
 “ Soon as his plain discourse is done,
 “ Hastes home to nurse his youngest son ;
 “ The cradle rocks, the turnip pares,
 “ Watches the pot, and reads his pray'rs;
 “ Hears William tell of ancient Greece,
 “ And eats his meal, poor wretch ! in peace.”*
 He said—with shouts the roof rebounds,
 Again the brazen trumpet sounds.

With

* This passage is descriptive of a most excellent print of the Welch Curate.

With looks demure, and lanky hair,
 The next advanc'd to make his pray'r ;
 Pure as a lamb he seem'd from sin,
 A small white band bedeck'd his chin;
 He roll'd his eyes with affectation,
 Then pour'd forth this ejaculation :

“ Oh !—sister—sister—sister—Oh !
 “ To me the greatest bliss below ;
 “ Reform'd first by thy precious rules,
 “ I left my trade, to preach on stools ;
 “ Left picking pockets, breaking houfes,
 “ Left penny shaving, horning spouses ;
 “ Left all the vanities below,
 “ To fave souls from damnation—Oh !

“ When first I ’gan the godly trade,
 “ A sum by accident I made ;
 “ Attend, dear sister, whilst I tell
 “ How this same accident befel.

“ A trumpeter, o’erpower’d with drink,
 “ Into an hay-loft chanc’d to flink,
 “ Where snoaring all the night he lay,
 “ Till Sunday usher’d in the day ;
 “ I in the barn then took my station,
 “ Attended by my congregation:
 “ Poor souls ! it was a stormy day,
 “ Their hats and cloaks quite wringing lay ;
 “ Fix’d in my tub, drawn up by ropes,
 “ I then began my faintish tropes :

“ First

“ First took my text—the people gaz’d—
“ *The trump shall sound, the dead be rais’d—*
“ The trumpeter, who o’er my head
“ Had listen’d to the words I’d said,
“ Straight blew a blast—away flew all,
“ In spite of *Faith*, both great and small ;
“ I cut the ropes too at the sound,
“ And tumbled souse upon the ground.
“ But thinking it would be unkind,
“ To leave the cloaks and hats behind,
“ I pack’d them up in a great flurry,
“ And crofs’d the country in a hurry;
“ Rested contented with my fate,
“ And barter’d them at second rate.”

He ceas’d—Vice smil’d, the trumpet sounded,
With claps the vaulted roof rebounded.

With

With confidential air and face,
 The next approach'd to plead his case ;
 Just like a wolf he seem'd, which prowls,
 And in the dusty desart howls ;
 Nature for once herself outran,
 Mistook the brute, and call'd him man,
 A monster, horrible and base,
 Hell rul'd his mind, and brass his face ;
 A purple bag adorn'd his side,
 O'er which the imps of hell preside ;
 There take their place, there plot, contrive,
 And their infernal functions drive ;
 To all a diff'rent task's assign'd,
 How best to gull and fleece mankind :
 Some plan the *trover*, some the *writ*,
 Some form the *quare-impedit*,

The

The *quid-pro-quo*, the *fine-qua-non*,
 The *quid*, the *quodlibet*, and so on ;
 On ev'ry Stygian scheme they're bent,
 And on destruction quite intent.

Now silence o'er the court prevail'd,
 When Belzebub the goddef's hail'd :

“ O Parent, benefactress, friend !
 “ Who many a six-and-eight-pence send ;
 “ Soon as my infant tongue could prattle,
 “ Inspir'd by thee, I burnt my rattle ;
 “ Could swear and drink at ten years old,
 “ At twelve, tow'rds thee I got more bold :
 “ When manhood came, I then began
 “ To rob and pilfer *easy man*.

" At first a Catchpole, clever, smart,
 " With not one feeling at my heart,
 " Mankind's misfortunes were my game,
 " To wound the wretched was my aim ;
 " From me no lenity was shown,
 " Deaf to the heart-felt sigh and groan ;
 " With joy to gaol I dragg'd my prey,
 " And thro' their noses made them pay.
 " From following this goodly trade,
 " A keen Pendragon* I was made ;
 " Bound to a pettyfogging prince,
 " A better rogue I ne'er knew since ;
 " For five long years I serv'd laborious,
 " And at the end came off victorious ;
 " An adept quite in Jacob's Dic,
 " And up to ev'ry knavish trick,

" Had

JA " * An appellation given to pettyfoggers clerks.

“ Had Cunningham and Burn by heart,

“ And perfect in the scoundrel’s part.

“ Now long I’ve traded for myself,

“ And glory’d in ill-gotten pelf;

“ Have worshipp’d you these forty years,

“ A fortune won, but lost—my ears;

“ For that I neither fret nor sob,

“ Screen’d fully by the snug brown-bob,

“ ’Tis no discredit to be known,

“ For legal crops are all the ton;

“ Brothers are found in ev’ry station;

“ What rogue regards his reputation?

“ Thro’ me, the widow’s tears are shed,

“ Thro’ me, the poor man cries for bread;

“ Thro’ me, the widow’s tears are shed,

“ Thro’

won

" Thro' me, are families o'erthrown,
 " And left their lost estates to moan :
 " I joy in dirty, low finesse,
 " And glory when I most distress.
 " When in the cell the felons lie,
 " Expecting for their crimes to die,
 " I take advantage of their case,
 " And joyfully their cause embrace ;
 " Pretend, thro' knowledge of the law,
 " To get them off—to find a flaw—
 " Or, thro' my interest in the nation,
 " The judge shall sentence transportation ;
 " I take their all—the ideots fling—
 " Then see the bubbled culprits—swing."

He spoke—three times the trumpet sounded,
 Three times with shouts the roof rebounded.

Now

Now near the bar, in solemn state,
 Approach'd a scientific pate ;
 His phiz a powder'd bag-wig grac'd,
 The peak between his eye-brows plac'd,
 Which overhung each humid beam,
 Like weeping willows o'er a stream :
 Propp'd on an amber-headed cane,
 Which sometimes aids the pond'ring brain,
 He hem'd !—then gave his chin a stroke,
 And thus the list'ning dame bespoke :

“ Long in a vain pretender's shop,
 “ I falves prepar'd, and mix'd up flop ;
 “ Drew rotten stumps with all my force,
 “ And boil'd to jelly many a corse ;

H

“ Help'd

“ Help’d carefully to join each part,
 “ ’Till all the skeleton was smart ;
 “ Attended patients pinch’d with gripes,
 “ And clapp’d hot trenchers to their tripes. *
 “ Soon of this grov’ling business tir’d,
 “ To bright preferment I aspir’d ;
 “ ’Tis impudence that baffles merit,
 “ The world was made for lads of spirit,
 “ ’Tis confidence, with little knowledge,
 “ That puzzles e’en Physician’s college :
 “ Now all my plans discreetly laid,
 “ I instantly began my trade ;
 “ I travers’d ev’ry country town,
 “ And for each packet took a crown ;

“ Bubbled

* *President.* Pray Doctor how do you treat patients afflicted with the gripes ?

Doctor Laft. I claps a hot trencher to their guts.

All. Embrocation ! embrocation !

Feote’s Devil upon two Sticks.

“ Bubbled the common country folks,
“ Who roar’d at my jack-pudding’s jokes,
“ Swallow’d the curious gilded pill,
“ The remedy for ev’ry ill.
“ The better fort, with bow profound,
“ I visited, and kept my ground;
“ Talk’d of (with looks most wond’rous grave)
“ Van Swi’ten, Mead, and Boerhaave ;
“ I felt their pulses, took their cash,
“ Then physic’d them with harmless trash :
“ All prais’d me for my quick discerning,
“ Thought me a prodigy of learning.
“ By this, and other ways more funny,
“ I soon amass’d a sum of money ;
“ Came up to town, there bought a hack,
“ Three Ducks my arms, my motto—Quack !

“ I

“ I now each ideot’s life infur’d,
“ ‘Tho’ thousands kill’d for one I cur’d;
“ On youth and age alike I prey’d,
“ And glory’d in the fools I made:
“ But this no longer now would do,
“ The town all wanted something new ;
“ At last I hit upon a scheme,
“ Took a large house, and chang’d the scene.

“ I now the bug-bear Death defy,
“ Without assistance from on high:
“ Distempers now have lost their sway,
“ I make the fiercest to obey ;
“ Whether the gout, rheumatic pains,
“ The leprosy, obstructed veins,

“ Mad

" Mad Fever, with her meagre train,
 " Consumption, belly-ache, or sprain ;
 " Whether the foul disease from France,
 " Old fissures, or the *Swedish dance,
 " The flying cramp, corroding spleen,
 " The painful tooth-ache, sickness green ;
 " I cure them all, but strange to tell,
 " Entirely by magnetic spell !!!
 " Magnetic spell ! my dearest life
 " What's that ?" exclaims the Cit's fat wife :
 " O spousee let us go !" she cries,
 " This man must be most monstrous wife."
 " They come,—they cut a city dash,—
 " And to my magnet flies their cash ;

I

" They

* Or St. Vitus's dance, so called because it often seized on those that used to visit the chapel of St. Vitus, of Ulm, in Sweden.

“ They see my treatment—then depart,
 “ And praise me for a man of—art.
 “ ’Tis ignorance that makes fools happy,
 “ Like drunkards overpower’d with nappy.
 “ By this (but dearest friend, you smile!)
 “ I ev’ry day some fools beguile ;
 “ Thanks to *St. Magnus, and to you,
 “ For giving me this golden clue ;
 “ Now magnetism ’s all the cry,
 “ And fills the minds of low and high :
 “ The ass that’s willingly deceiv’d,
 “ Who for that ass should e’er be griev’d?

“ The

* The magnet takes its name from Magnus, a shepherd, to whose sandals it stuck as he was walking along the sea-shore.

" The other day, when at my door,
 " Came up an *Æsculapian* boor,
 " And said, " How does it come to pass
 " That you, who know yourself an ass,
 " Can keep your town and country-house,
 " While I'm as poor as a church-mouse ;
 " Altho' you know (without self-praise)
 " For knowledge I deserve the bays ?" —
 " I made him then this short reply,
 " Tell me, how many have pass'd by
 " Since we've been here ?" — " Perhaps a score —
 " Perhaps an hundred — perhaps more."
 " How many do you then suppose,
 " Have common-sense amongst all those ?" —
 " Why — one perhaps." — " That one is Thine —
 " I DOCTOR ALL THE NINETY-NINE !"

He said—loud peals of praise resound,
Join'd to the trumpet's clangor found.

As when on change the fleecing Jews
 Crowd, some for business, some for news,
 Their noisy jargon far and near,
 Disturbs the nice susceptible ear;
 So now in court a rumour ran
 Throughout the diabolic clan ;
 Stung fresh with envy, malice, spite,
 Each cavill'd next to plead their right :
 The roguish tradesman, insincere,
 The miser, and corrupted peer,
 The minister, ambition's slave,
 The highwayman, the drunken knave,

The gamester, of detested fame,
 The dark assassin, lustful dame,
 The trading justice, pious bawd,
 The usurer, vile son of fraud,
 The Atheist, who defies his Maker,
 The gorge-cramm'd glutton, and house-breaker,
 The hypocrite, with oily tongue,
 And more the muse must leave unsung ;
 All eagerly now try'd to gain
 The bar, and to assert their claim ;
 When Vice rose slowly from her seat,
 With ev'ry mark of self-conceit ;
 She cast her livid eyes around,
 Then bade the brazen trumpet sound ;
 Now silence reign'd throughout the crowd,
 When thus the goddess spoke aloud :

“ Sons of my heart,” she eager cry’d,
“ My better self, my joy, and pride,
‘ Supporters of my Glorious Cause,
“ In spite of Heaven’s, and earthly laws,
“ O’er whom dame Conscience tries in vain
“ To dispossess me of my reign,
“ Tries all my projects to o’erthrow,
“ And on this throne to place my foe;
“ Illustrious mortals! full I view
“ The image of myself in you;
“ No bounds shall ever curb my reign,
“ Whilst thus my rights you all sustain,
“ No fear or danger e’er affright;
“ Keep but dame Conscience out of sight,
“ Attend not to her dictates keen,
“ So shall you flourish, and your queen.

“ This

“ This day your constancy I've try'd,
“ And am most highly gratify'd ;
“ Enough already has been spoke :
“ To prove my subjects not in joke ;
“ No more addresses now I'll hear,
“ Convinc'd that you are all sincere,
“ But straightway shall adjudge each prize,
“ To those most worthy in my eyes :
“ Many there are around I see,
“ Who have not spoke, yet honour me ;
“ Who practice ev'ry day those arts,
“ Beyond the reach of honest hearts,
“ Yet 'tis but justice, 'tis but right,
“ My firmest vot'ries to requite :
“ The pension without more ado,
“ Fanatic, I adjudge to you :

“ Preach

“ Preach on, my son, nor heed the rules,
 “ Laid down by orthodox old fools ;
 “ But rant, and roar, and deal damnation,
 “ Nor mention once the word salvation ;
 “ So shall I see my darling glad,
 “ For some will hang, but more run mad.

“ To you, my pettyfogging son,
 “ By whom ten thousand are undone,
 “ O great supporter of my state !
 “ To you I must present the plate :
 “ Purfue, fly rogue, each special plan,
 “ Nor care how much you injure man ;
 “ So shall the ruin'd spread your fame,
 “ And infamy shall brand your name ;

“ So

“ So shall with each revolving year
 “ The cries of anguish charm my ear.

“ And you, O GALEN! for your tricks,
 “ Accept from me the Coach and Six ;
 “ With Magnetism fool the town,
 “ Nor heed the disapproving frown ;
 “ Pay but the patients which you treat,
 “ The world can never know the cheat ;
 “ A thousand simpletons you'll find,
 “ For one inform'd, discerning mind.
 “ But listen to this short advice,
 “ Be careful not to drop your price ;
 “ Let well-lin'd pockets be your aim,
 “ And scorn the more ignoble game ;

L

“ Try

“ Try not to gull the lower clafs,
 “ They’ll prove you certainly—an afs,
 “ Where cash is short, invention’s strong,
 “ And nature never can be wrong,
 “ She fees with an unjaundic’d eye ;
 “ Beware of fense and poverty !”

She said—when thro’ the crowd was seen

A form advance, of portly mien ;
 Tho’ cloth’d in garments rent and tore,
 The marks of majesty she bore :
 Th’ assembly long’d to know her name,
 Her busineſſ, and from whence ſhe came ;
 She onward press’d to reach the throne,
 Regardleſſ of the rudeneſſ shown.

Now near to VICE at length ſhe drew,
 Who trembled when ſhe caught her view ;

“ Tis

“ ‘Tis VIRTUE ! VIRTUE !’’ loud she cry’d,

“ ‘Tis VIRTUE !’’ all the throng reply’d :

Loud claps of thunder shook the place,

VICE vanish’d and forsook her race.

A short time do the wicked reign,

And all their plans are laid in vain.

Abash’d the culprits stood around,

Wrapt up in silence most profound ;

When VIRTUE, with majestic air

And dignity, assum’d the chair :

Entirely chang’d was her attire,

Her eye-balls beam’d celestial fire,

With charms immortal bright she shone,

And rays of glory grac’d the throne.

So when the sun his beauty shrouds,

And labours thro’ the ragged clouds,

We

We still his genuine worth admire,
 Tho' for a time he screens his fire ;
 But soon the god collects his rays,
 Then bursts into a GOLDEN BLAZE.

Now VIRTUE rose and thus aloud,
 Address'd th' attentive, wond'ring crowd :

“ O Ancient Britons ! favour'd race of Heav'n,
 “ To whom, with liberal hand, are blessings given ;
 “ O'er whose blest climate health and peace preside,
 “ Where plenty smiles, and lib'ral arts reside ;
 “ Where temp'rate suns diffuse their rip'ning beams,
 “ Revive the glebe, and gild the silver streams ;
 “ Where lurk no monsters horrible and fell,
 “ Nor o'er the mangled carcase hideous yell,
 “ But safely thro' your blest domains you stray,
 “ While thousand flow'rets variegate the way :

“ O happy

“ O happy mortals ! happiest of your kind,
 “ To whom kind Heav’n has this blest isle assign’d ;
 “ Whose dreaded navies stem the roaring main,
 “ And o’er old Ocean unmolested reign ;
 “ O ne’er forget these heav’nly favours shown,
 “ By suff’ring Vice “ to mark you for her own ! ”
 “ Of her destructive principles beware,
 “ And shun her converse with assiduous care ;
 “ She taints the foul, subverts the moral plan,
 “ Beguiles the senses, and destroys the man ;
 “ Hardens the feelings of the tender mind,
 “ Makes Judgment impotent, and Reason blind,
 “ Makes life a burthen, interrupts its joys,
 “ Makes Death terrific, and the Peace destroys.
 “ Her smiles are ruin, her allurements kill,
 “ And all her pleasures teem with ev’ry ill ;

“ Light as a bubble is her transient reign,
“ And fell Destruction follows close her train.
“ Then, Britons ! rouse, nor e'er be led astray
“ By her temptations, but confess my sway.
“ Life's idle pageantry, tumultuous noise,
“ Its unsubstantial, transitory joys,
“ By which the weak, but not the wise are caught,
“ Are useleſs all, nor worth a moment's thought !
“ If Happiness and Peace you wish to find,
“ Go seek them only in the virtuous mind ;
“ 'Tis there they dwell, approv'd by Heav'n above,
“ And wide diffuse their universal love.
“ Let me your actions and your passions guide,
“ Employ your thoughts, and all your plans decide ;
“ From me, through life's rough voyage learn to steer,
“ I'll lend auspicious gales, and banish fear ;
“ I'll

“ I'll quick dispel the low'ring clouds on high,
“ And add fresh lustre to the azure sky ;
“ In safety land you on that blissful shore,
“ Where storms and tempests never threaten more!”

She ceas'd—then vanish'd instantly the fane,

SHE WING'D HER WAY TO HEAV'N, AND EY'D THE
ADMIRING TRAIN.

F I N I S.



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